

FLORIZEL to PERDITA:

WITH

PERDITA'S ANSWER.

1601/547.





POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM

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K FLORIZEL TO PERDITA:  
*right - Prince of Wales* WITH *by Mrs. Robinson.*

PERDITA'S ANSWER.

AND

A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE upon the EDUCATION of PRINCES.



*My Brother Frederick abroad may roam,  
While British Beauty keeps my heart at Home.*

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. STOCKDALE, No. 181, Piccadilly.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

[PRICE, HALF A CROWN.]

POSTICAL EPISTLE

FROM

FLORIAN TO PERDITA

PERDITA ANSWER

AND

A PASTORAL DISCOURSE UPON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH



THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON

Printed for J. Sturges, No. 11, Piccadilly

MDCCLXXIX

(PRICE 2S. 6D. A COPY)





*Glouzel to Perdita*

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GREY BDS

A PRELIMINARY COURSE upon the EDUCATION of PRINCES.



*My Brother Frederick abroad may roam,  
While British Beauty keeps my heart at Home.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. STOCKDALE, No. 131, Piccadilly.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

[PRICE, HALF A CROWN.]

*not in HVK*





D E D I C A T I O N.

D I S C O U R S E

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TO  
EDUCATION OF PRINCE

H I M S E L F.

BEING AS GOOD A JUDGE OF THE SUBJECT,

AS ANY OTHER MAN IN THE KINGDOM,

THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED,

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT AND REGARD,

BY THE

E D I T O R

D E D I C A T I O N

T O

H I M S E L F

BEING AS GOOD A JUDGE OF THE SUBJECT

AS ANY OTHER MAN IN THE KINGDOM

THIS LINE BEING THE LAST LINE OF THE

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT AND REGARD

Y O U R

E D I T O R



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## D I S C O U R S E

UPON THE  
EDUCATION OF PRINCES.

THE amiable disposition of the most flatter'd Female Personage in the kingdom was never more conspicuous than in her condescending attention to the impassioned requests of her amorous offspring. The education of Princes is of the greatest consequence to the State and must afford a happy preface of eminence in life, when they are ushered into it fraught with instructions not only for men of Theory but also for men of Practice. Religion and Morality are good founding names and each should undoubtedly have its Professor. But Manners and Fashion require as much to be studied; which makes Lord Malden and Mrs. Robinson to be as necessary Tutors as Dr. Markham and Mr. Grant. The mischiefs which have been experienced by this unhappy Country during the reign of the best of Princes are all to be attributed

to his Majesty's want of knowledge of the world. He is the most pious, the most virtuous, most domestic Sovereign that ever reigned; but perhaps it had been better for his Subjects had he been as early acquainted with Masquerades and Brothels as his Brothers and his Sons. His royal Consort is generally allowed to have more understanding and we are well assured that she not only winks at the intrigues of her eldest hope but has actually condescended to smile very graciously upon the object of his pleasures, the fair Lady who is the Heroine of the Poetical Lines here given to the Public and which in the closet of the fair it is presumed may be suffer'd to grace the same shelf with Ovid's Epistles. That those celebrated Epistles are fictitious has never yet been matter of complaint. It imports not whether they are genuine. The incidents alluded to should be true and so they are both in Florizel's Epistle and Perdita's Answer.

Mrs. Robinson, characterised by Perdita, is a Lady of beautiful person and accomplished manners. Bristol is the place of her nativity, a circumstance alone sufficient to





rescue that city from the sarcasm of abounding with ugly women. Her parentage is not obscure and her education has been splendid. She has not only an elegance of person but an uncommon elegance of mind. The cultivation of her literary talents was superintended by the celebrated Miss More. In Italy, the land from which originate all accomplishments and where she has relations who live in affluence and honor, she received the finished ton. Her only blemish is to have been married too early, but then her parents were in fault and not herself. They fondly thought that a humble match was better than an illustrious prostitution. Their eyes have since been opened to the contrary; and Perdita's own mother looks with rapture upon her honorable advancement to the arms of a Prince; while the amiable daughter, unintoxicated with the luxury of a Court, reflects that she has a parent and divides not a Prince's bounty with objects unworthy of her company. We see no harpists, fiddlers, singers nor even other courtezans in her train. If it were possible she would even shake off the mediator of her promotion. Nor shall we for this call her guilty of ingratitude to

Lord Pandar. Services performed for hire are completely done away by pay. The procurer has had his reward; and if infamy attends it, the cause is not so much in the act as in the motives for performing that act. To administer to the pleasures of a rising Prince, to direct his youthful passions to a proper object, to save him from the arms of strumpets of low character and to introduce him to a fair lady who instructs at the same time she amuses, these are honorable offices and of which neither Lord Pandar, nor any other young Lord, need be ashamed. To lay a plan thereafter to disturb his Prince's felicity, to raise suspicions in a mind which never before suspected, to plot the interposition of another Fair one for farther gain, this is wickedness and this truly a disgrace. We have the happiness however to assure the Public that the plan has not succeeded, for Perdita is as much in Florizel's favor as ever. Completely happy we should be, if we could add that Lord Pandar was deprived of his honorable office for his infamous attempt against his Prince's virtuous inamorata.



Whether Florizel has already suffered in his amours, and if he has, whether such harm has happened from his connexion with Perdita or with some other favorite, or whether the apprehended mischief was only imaginary, has not been discovered; but if it were known, the editor is fully convinced the Public have a right to know it; because no Truth should be hid; they have a right to know every thing, more particularly the most secret actions of a Prince who is their future King. The satisfaction which this Public must receive in knowing that the Heir apparent of the Crown is of so promising a genius, so enterprising a spirit, so fond of the fair sex, so well educated, so happily entered into the world, will alone be sufficient pleasure and compensation to the editor for the task of introducing the following Epistles to their notice.

But before the editor takes leave of an indulgent Public, he wishes again and again to congratulate them upon the happy prospect of a reverse of fortune in a succeeding reign, whenever it shall please the Lord of all to take our present Sovereign Lord into his infinite mercy. There is

not a more mistaken character in the kingdom than that which ought to be the best known. Every flippant scoffer has it in his mouth that our most amiable Sovereign is a perfect innocent; that he has tried all parties, wishes to employ the best, and however a malignant multitude may accuse his head they can say nothing against his heart. The licence of talk and the impudence of the Press in spreading such scandal deserve the earliest and most cogent reprehension. For the contrary of all these bold assertions is the truth. The King's education under Lord Bute was quite different from that of his own royal offspring. No intrigues, no hunting, no mixture of convivial company. All gave way to study, to theory and to philosophy. A long head was preferred to a pure heart, deep schemes to a facility of conviction; ceremony to cordiality and sanctimoniousness to virtue. Even if nature forced the royal pupil to intrigue, hypocrisy still drew a veil over the adventure, and none other than a Quaker could be an admitted favorite at Leicester house. But never was the effect of instruction more fully displayed than in the general imposition under which all men lie respecting the real



character of the Sovereign. So far from being the least informed of the nation he is the most so. His memory is extensive beyond example, unless it were that of Xerxes who knew all the common soldiers of his army. The tittle-tattle of every private family in the kingdom is at the tongue's end at St. James's. No art, no science unversed in, unless it were that of governing; and the instance of one deficiency is not to preclude the merit of a variety of other qualifications. Neither is that ignorance chargeable except in such distant concerns as those of the colonies; for the science of domestic government is perfectly conned at home. Resistance here is all in vain; and absolute power is within the Sovereign's reach without a cloak whenever he pleases to exert it. The same under a disguise is already exerted every day before our eyes.

The happy indifference of all ranks of people to the real misfortunes of the kingdom and the general misconception of the royal abilities is a long studied effect. But high as the obligations are, which we owe to this amazing

humiliation of so great a genius, who would rather take up with the character of an idiot than a tyrant, much greater is our debt for the cultivated education of the royal offspring and particularly the happy institution of the two eldest Princes in the world. Had the heir apparent, instead of the acquaintances which he has been induced to make with fashionable young men and handsome young women, been confined to the society of men of letters arts or sciences, as his father was, like him posterity might have seen another King establishing academies, collecting curiosities or fabricating nick-nackeries, while colonies (if any are to be left) were losing and islands dismembering from the British empire. Some vain theorists might rather have wished that the first and last idea of his education had been that of a Patriot King. Romantic nonsense. A monster, a chimera in politics, what never did and never will exist. Such a character would produce so complete a revolution in government as would overturn the whole system of human affairs. Luxury would diminish with the loss of corruption, and with the loss of luxury would perish half the arts and



manufactures of the country. Idleness unsupported by taxes upon others must be turned into industry. No reward for superior talents, no promotion for men of fashion. Red coats would disappear at home, because a standing army would be no longer necessary. Even black coats would be much diminished; for besides the retrenchment of the idle dignitaries of the church, with a reform of the law the lawyers would all be ruined. Such would be some of the blessed mischiefs of a Patriot King, of which fortunately there is very little danger, even if there still existed such an inconsiderate character as that celebrated beauty, who told the king she had seen all fights but a coronation, so she had nothing more than that to long for.

Men of different prejudices may argue differently on this subject. Mr. Charles Fox may possibly lament to see a being of such a stamp as Lord Pandar so closely attached to the Prince of Wales in his most private parties and predict at least some happiness to the country, that he does not possess a public employ in his highness's late

establishment. Mr. Fox may thank the ambitious spirit of a certain royal Dutchess for Pandar's reputation. But little is the advantage of separating him from the public suite, while still he remains a confidential companion in private and especially in all visits to the fair. Here again the public have to admire the astonishing abilities of a great personage, who is not only sole contriver but sole minister, the source and spring of all we have seen and felt for these twenty years back; he is himself the man behind the curtain, the secret influence upon the cabinet, the Alpha and Omega of the last peace and the present war, whilst he most heartily enjoys and laughs at the searching curiosity of his subjects to find out and punish that execrated character, which is sometimes said to be Lord Bute, at another time Lord North, then Lord Sandwich, and even of late that underling of office Charles Jenkinson. With such exalted talents not to counterplot the miserable efforts of a weak though bustling opposition, would argue infatuation to extreme. What then the busy Dutchess aims to effect by the rational parties formed at Cumberland house is in Cork-street soon



undone; for the politics of a great Prince's mistress are so far from being unworthy attention that it is very certain the true cause of all the royal smiles, which Perdita is well known to receive during her attendance upon the chace, are no compliments to the beauty of her person but merely meant as an approbation of her political system, which is intirely ministerial. The husband of this ambitious and intriguing Dutcheß, already famous for his epistolary correspondence with the lady of another noble Peer, acts his part also in the minority's conspiracy against Perdita; and though it is but an under part, it is quite consonant to that naval hero's genius, for he recollects the ridiculous letters which he wrote while at sea to the lady Grosvenor and learning that Florizel has actually written ninety seven letters to Perdita, one of which is as long as from London to the Land's end, with reason he apprehends they may be as well spelt as his own, which is exactly the case, for it cannot be expected that any great personage should be able to spell common words; and for this as well as other reasons the Duke has moved heaven and earth to recover these letters from the custody

of Perdita, or to speak plainer he has tempted her with variety of presents and a greater variety of promises to deliver up the literary treasure. Hitherto all to no purpose; for Perdita knows, while she has these letters, she is sure of her Florizel, or is sure to be able to expose him if he chuses to desert her. She therefore carefully hoards them up, and while she does so the royal uncle, though he has succeeded in depriving Lord Pandar of his expected office, still wants that hold upon his nephew which otherwise would be complete, for probably the threat of publication would then be repeated from another quarter. At present the greatest chance of the world arriving at any acquaintance with those valuable and numerous epistles is the possibility of a total break between the two lovers, which (let what will be said and whatever may have been either provocation or appearance) has not yet happened. It is however a certainty that many of these letters are not merely on the subject of love but upon politics, being, as appears from the contents, answers to Perdita's admonitions on that subject. Her principles in this line are purely orthodox; and notwith-



standing the manifest bias which she perceived in Florizel's mind to adopt the party of opposition, when he came to figure in public, yet under pain of his displeasure she continued steady to the ministerial cause. From hence the royal regard and the ducal hatred which she at the same period experiences. When the connexion is broke between Florizel and Perdita the opposition have the Prince entire. The faction will then indeed have a right to boast. They already know his indignant spirit at conduct which has abridged his great inheritance. But while he is dissipated he is unsteady. Much less can they depend upon him, while Perdita attracts his youthful passions and with her enchanting discourse influences his mind. To break the bands of so complete an infatuation no engine is left unworkt. Hence it comes, that Lady Craven, who in her own deportment adopts those fashionable manners countenanced by the times and by the court, yet to obtain indulgence to her Cicerone adopts also the political sentiments of her husband, is known to throw out her daily shafts of ridicule, against the envied Perdita. Hence it is that Mr. Fox makes his nightly love to

Miss Farren, not to win her for himself but to substitute her in the place of Mrs. Robinson; and those very characters she filled the public may soon expect to see performed by Miss Farren, if Mr. Fox's oratory succeeds. But hitherto Miss Farren has absolutely refused even to put on the garments which so much attracted the youthful Florizel, who seems to have a particular passion for seeing all his destined favorites first of all in men's apparel, of which there is no great wonder to be made, for the alteration of dress certainly gives the curious observer great advantage in parts otherwise too much eclipsed from sight. While Perdita retains her political sentiments and refuses, as she has hitherto constantly done, to bestow a favor even in the way of her occupation upon a single member of the minority, though offered to be purchased at the most splendid price, she is sure of one powerful friend at least at court, and the world will continue to see a justification of the sentiment that they have nothing to do with the affair, let the young folks act as they will, as long as the old folks are content and agreed. Mean time happy is that man of the majority who can attain



even at the honor of kissing Perdita's hand, if she still can keep her Florizel attached. Superlatively happy is he who can arrive at higher favors, nor perhaps are they quite unattainable by those who have the true means and merit to procure them.

By some it has been doubted whether the same pains have been taken to improve the manners morals principles and intellects of his royal highness the Bishop as of his brother the Prince. The inquisitive public may be assured that exactly the same pains have been taken with the one as with the other. When the first dawnings of manhood appeared in his royal holiness a conclave was held in Buckingham house nursery, over which the most amiable personage in the kingdom presided, and there it was absolutely determined *nem. con.* and even entered upon the records of the state horn-book, contrary to a remonstrance from the maids of honor, that a *help meet* for such a call was to be provided. Mrs. Smith was the favorite female approved of after a nice inspection; to visit whom

at ten miles distance across the country, as far as Uxbridge is from Windsor, the youthful lover has flown over hedge and ditch in the midst of a royal hunt, and when he has returned with all that fire and wildness so native to his own, the master of the chase, pretending an apprehension that he had broke his neck after the stag, upon asking him where he had been so long absent, has received for answer that he was at his elbow all the time ; each party willingly dissembling thus a mutual imposition upon the other. Determined therefore that no dangerous innovations shall be admitted in this country, no reforms adopted, for no one knows where reforms will end, the wise planner of all this system of education has provided that no more hope shall be entertained of the second than of the first. This kingdom, and the world in general is very well for those who have it in their power and know how to enjoy it. Others may grumble but they have nothing else to do than to grumble. Princes are not of that unhappy mould. The Bishop of Osnaburgh is gone abroad upon a very different plan than to mend either himself or the world.



We wish his royal highness a happy sight of his dominions. Let him observe men and manners as he goes on. He will find that the merit and demerit, nay that the very crime and virtue of things rest in fashion and opinion. What is good here is bad elsewhere. The subjects of the most despotic countries are happier than Englishmen are with all their pretended liberties. This is a lesson worthy to be learnt by a british Prince. It is a sentiment frequently retailed at court, formed no doubt a royal instruction to the travelling bishop and will be sure to occupy as much of his attention as can be spared from convincing foreign ladies for what purpose so exalted a character has been educated and demonstrating to all the courts abroad the omnipotence of the legislature of great Britain, who at the beck of the Sovereign have repealed the law of god from marriage to concubinage, and by denying matrimony to the younger branches of the royal family have stampd an honor upon intrigue beyond the preacher's power to remove.

The education of the female branch of the royal family has been no less unimpeachable. They are all beauty, all elegance. If matched abroad, they will probably cut as great and good a figure as their royal aunt the Queen of Denmark, famous for wearing leather breeches when she went out a hunting and famous for her condescension in talking a trooper's language when she talked to a person even above the rank of a trooper. If unmatched at home, there is no doubt from the modern character of our fair and frail nobility they will have examples enough (should they chuse to indulge) to keep them in countenance. A specimen of the rapid improvements and great imitative powers of one of the younger princesses may be known from this anecdote. Lady Charlotte Finch, seeing one of her hopeful charges place herself in a posture near the fire more becoming a different sex, after having repeatedly desired her highness to chuse another attitude, had the pleasure to hear her answer, "I'll be damn'd if I do." To be sure the pleasure had a mixture of surprize with it, which however was removed on hearing her highness add, "My brother Wil-



liam says so." As to the early education of Prince William it is not of so much importance. The navy is a sufficient school for a naval officer; or if it were not, it is of little matter; as with the probable destruction of the British navy Britain will probably stand in little want of officers of that description. But it is rather over-kind in this naval genius to take an assistant part in the education of his sisters. As he has such a talent, it might not be amiss however if he would give a hint to his elder brother, that it would be much more princely (and success would be a very easy task) if he would leave all vulgar amours to vulgar persons and exert his mighty abilities with the sex in seducing to his honorable arms the titled beauties of his father's court, who for such advancement would turn their backs on Vestrus, for already they stand a tiptoe, married and unmarried, like Sultanas, waiting for the drop of his princely handkerchief.

himself says so. As to the early education of Prince William, it is not of so much importance. The navy is a sufficient school for a naval officer; or if it were not, it is of little matter as with the probable decline of the British navy Britain will probably stand in little want of officers of that description. But it is rather over and in this naval genius to take an efficient part in the education of his officers. As he has such a talent, it would not be amiss however if he would give a hint to his elder brother, that it would be much more properly (and necessary) would be a very easy task if he would leave all such gap amounts to vulgar pedants and exert his mighty abilities with the few in reducing to his honorable arms the difficulties of his father's court, who for such advancement would turn their backs on Versailles for already they stand as ripe, married and unmarried, like Gulliver, waiting for the drop of his princely handkerchief.



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## FLORIZEL TO PERDITA.

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**O**! fair deceiver, how I wish you true!  
For all I love in woman's found in you,  
Unknown to all your sex, a perfect boy,  
Fledg'd but unvers'd in manhood's greatest joy,  
You taught me what it was to be a Man  
And baffled all my royal Father's plan.  
His modest manners and parental care  
Bade me suspect th' allurements of the fair;  
Taught me to think no happiness in life  
Until permitted by his will a wife.  
Domestic comfort true I saw at home,  
Nor could th' example more completely come.

But when I saw you walk the scenic stage,  
 His voice no more was dread nor counsel sage.  
 Your gait your look with fascinating skill  
 Led me a captive 'gainst my sense and will.  
 My mind rememb' red what before was told,  
 But wishes then were young and lessons old.  
 In vain my Governor had cast a frown;  
 To win the Fair, I'd even spurn a crown.  
 No cares of empire shall my soul perplex  
 Unless I've liberty throughout the Sex.  
 My future subjects generously will give  
 At least the liberty themselves receive.  
 Not that I think their liberty is such  
 As should be less, I only ask as much.  
 Forgive me, fair one, if in speech I'm free,  
 For in my acts I still must captive be;  
 And tho' my reason would my love abate,  
 I own I love, and deprecate your hate.  
 Lost Perdita! your Florizel's too lost,  
 For treachery his faithful love has cost.



And yet I curse the word that is applied,  
 Or if applied to you the word's denied.  
 My Perdita is true—and kind to most  
 Except that Prince whose heart she knows is lost,  
 She fix'd the bait, and having hook'd my heart  
 The sportive teazer play'd the angler's art.  
 That wicked Pandar! practis'd in the school  
 Of modern times where vice is taught by rule;  
 Why did he ask me if I thought a lad,  
 And not a girl in boy's apparel clad,  
 Could look like you? on any youth impose  
 If she such part in masquerade had chose?  
 Harmless I read the part which Shakespeare drew,  
 Its hurtful quality I learnt from you.  
 He knew Narcissus was no plan for me;  
 The maid was too apparent not to see.  
 He call'd the alter'd dress a harmless joke;  
 I felt the harm when Perdita had spoke.  
 But as through fear I then had felt too light  
 Eftsoons he rais'd Viola to my sight.

The dear deceiver was no player there,  
 She seem'd the maid confest in ev'ry air,  
 I knew that art might beautify the face  
 And give to ugly features seeming grace.  
 True elegance of limbs is nature's aid;  
 A shape's by birthright while a face is made.  
 But most he bid me cast my guiltless eye  
 To view the well-turn'd roundness of the thigh;  
 And when my ravish'd sight with that was blest,  
 He bid me still admire and view the rest.  
 I still admir'd, but saw no more than this,  
 A something else was wanting for my bliss.  
 My mind was fill'd with senses of delight,  
 Which never yet was satisfied with sight,  
 Delight your Florizel had never known,  
 'Till you my Perdita unbrac'd your zone.  
 Raptures superior I must still declare,  
 Though often since repeated with the Fair:  
 Your practis'd skill convey'd some art to me;  
 None need long time in love a Tiro be.



Such sweet assistance had I from your aid,  
 I more had lost than gain'd were you a maid.  
 The practis'd Rake may fancy Virgins still,  
 The blushing Boy admires the Matron's skill.  
 There is a rule of learning for each art,  
 And sports besides our studies bear a part.  
 The Clown as well might Tennis play with ease,  
 As Boys untaught the modest Virgin please.  
 Your Scholar now's adept enough to dare  
 The first embraces of th' unpractis'd Fair.  
 But with uncooling passion still I burn'd,  
 And to the arms of Perdita return'd.  
 The royal chase might please my father's mind,  
 While full-mouth'd dogs pursue the panting hind,  
 Not that athletic pastime I despise,  
 But other charms attract my wand'ring eyes.  
 The hunted deer is Perdita—her flight,  
 Is all my pain, possession my delight.  
 Though Virgil pictures his Eneas brave,  
 A storm will drive him to the sheltering cave.

My brother Frederick abroad may roam,  
 While British beauty keeps my heart at home.  
 Of old tis said th' Episcopalian lawn  
 On many a bold intrigue a veil has drawn.  
 But modern Bishops have no need to wed,  
 To taste the pleasures of a nuptial bed.  
 The husbands of one wife may love a score  
 And wives to some be mistresses to more.  
 No fair Godiva's now are modest known,  
 Not e'en in Coventry, much less in town.  
 If North displays her heaving bosom bare,  
 Ask no more leave but kiss the willing Fair.  
 When love no constant passion will allow,  
 In vain we seek it from the plighted vow.  
 The Priest and Altar are a standing joke  
 And wedded names to wantonness a cloak.  
 My Perdita will this example prove;  
 The man whose name she takes she cannot love.  
 Why will you then those privileges waste,  
 On such who by demanding lose their taste?



Cuckolds may have their brow with gold adorn'd,  
 But let him lie alone whose forehead's horn'd.  
 Your constancy to all but him and me  
 Is not enough---and Florizel is free.  
 Th' abandon'd wretch has other vile pursuits,  
 And mere contempt is all such creatures suits.  
 That little harm, which wak'd me in a night  
 Of fancied raptures of some past delight,  
 I can forgive. I know that Cupid's camp  
 Has ills, as well as Mars, our joys to damp.  
 But to receive th' inoculated pest  
 From vulgar cuckolds, who enjoy their rest  
 By prostitution of an injur'd dame,  
 Gives me regret, because it gives me shame.  
 Has Florizel so weak a part to play  
 As can his passions and not yours allay?  
 Were all those raptures which you felt a jest?  
 Or your delight stage-mimicry at best?  
 I too shall mimic, where I once was true,  
 And learn at least one lesson more from you.  
 That lesson first I practise on yourself;  
 My heart is free, and nothing your's but self.

Cuckolds may have their brow with gold adorned,  
But let him whose whole forehead's brown  
Your constancy to all but him expose  
Is not enough--and Florizel is lost  
The abandon'd wretch, has other vile pursuits,  
And more contempt is all such circumstances  
That little harm, which would me in a night  
Of fancied raptures of some past delight  
I can forgive. I know that Cupid's cross  
Has ill, as well as Mars, our joys to damp  
But to receive th' inoculated pest  
From vulgar cuckolds, who enjoy their rest  
By prostitution of an injur'd dame  
Gives me regret, because it gives me shame  
Has Florizel to wear a part to play  
As can his passions and not yours stay?  
Were all those raptures which you have  
Or your delight stage-mimicry at best?  
I too shall mimic, where I dare not  
And learn at least one lesson from you  
That lesson first I breathe on yourself  
My heart is free, and nothing yours but self



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## PERDITA TO FLORIZEL.

**T**HINK not, my Prince, the dictates of this pen

Owe their faint force to aid of letter'd men!

My guileless heart knew what at first to say,

And grief alone has caus'd this short delay.

Words should supply this letter, if I durst

Let my poor heart before your presence burst:

Forbid that grace, what's left me, whilst I bleed,

Than just to write what you scarce e'er will read?

But for those letters which you wrote before,

My daily task's to read them o'er and o'er.

Are then those things forgot you've said so oft,

Which to recite no language were too soft?

Your own dear words your own ideas suit,

Unbias'd nature's first and genuine fruit.

Those sweet memorials of your former joy

No bribes no threats shall urge me to destroy.

Your royal uncle may repent the part  
 He took, when love and nature rul'd his heart.  
 The publish'd letter but condemns to shame  
 The Prince, when treach'ry's quencht love's former flame.  
 Inconstant Florizel! I never taught  
 That art your talents have so quickly caught.  
 Mine was a task of pleasanter pursuit;  
 To find the young emotions room to shoot;  
 To give existence to the pictur'd sport  
 Which suits alike the cottage and the court;  
 To realise imagin'd scenes and teach  
 Lessons more pleasant than the ear can reach.  
 Not unprepar'd, I own, my scholar found  
 An easy task to tread love's mystic round.  
 For nature prompts in spite of parents care  
 The Prince to leave an empire for the Fair.  
 In vain the watch is set, the guards patrol;  
 When love's hot passion fires the youthful soul.  
 What? though you came a novice to my arms  
 And talk'd mysteriously of hidden charms;



No art was wanting to increase the joy,  
 And courage soon inspir'd the bashful boy.  
 Enjoyment stamp'd the confidence of love,  
 And now you'll neither yield to Mars nor Jove.  
 The metamorphos'd tales which Ovid wrote,  
 And which, as schoolboys use, you'd learnt by rote;  
 Intrigues adventures of romantic times  
 And all the stories told in luscious rhimes,  
 Whether by nurses or by doctors taught,  
 Were lessons that possess your ev'ry thought.  
 Nor were the English classics quite unread,  
 With Rochester, your fav'rite, at the head.  
 More modest essays, paraphras'd with ease,  
 Fail'd not by contrast of the thought to please.  
 But what was the idea to the fact?  
 These taught you what to think, and I to act.  
 Nor was my Prince of that ungen'rous frame,  
 To take instruction nor reward the dame.  
 One nightly task with me was paid with more  
 Than all your reverend teachers had before.

The spangled liv'ry glitters in my hall,  
 While gilded equipages wait my call.  
 Two gawdy blacks with flambeaux in their hands  
 Tell by their pomp what Perdita commands:  
 Yet all this affluence but gives me pain  
 If in the midst I've fail'd your heart to gain.  
 Think not my pride is flatter'd in the chace  
 By royal huntsmen, who my presence grace;  
 Or that I spurn the haunts of Drury-lane,  
 Because my rivals on the stage remain.  
 True, I rejoice the mercenary crew  
 To quit, but all my pleasure's still in you.  
 If you regard me, though I should be poor,  
 I'm rich enough above the rest to soar.  
 Fred'rick may yield his passion to debate  
 And the decrees of female conclaves wait;  
 The Queen and Schwellenburg may council call  
 And put the naked question to them all;  
 If Osnaburgh shall be indulg'd with sport  
 Which to enjoy you ask no leave of court.



Our two mammas have courteously agreed,  
 If we're content the nation need not heed.  
 Your royal Father winks at all, no doubt,  
 And in the chace knows more than hounds are out.  
 He hears with joy his son outrides the field,  
 But sees there's other game than forests yield.  
 If then such honors to my lot have come,  
 What cuckold spouse could make my house his home?  
 Banish the vile idea from your mind;  
 Not e'en an angel here would welcome find.  
 Leave not the object of your choice to fall  
 Promiscuous sacrifice to lustful call!  
 The grave should sooner open to my arms  
 Than wretches taste appropriated charms.  
 Whate'er by nature's kindness I possess  
 Has not been made by education less.  
 The dread abyss of prostituted ill  
 May weaker minds with apprehension fill.  
 But if your princely love is turn'd to hate,  
 'Tis but to follow Cleopatra's fate.

The poison'd bowl, the poniard's steel, or asp  
 With more than mimic hands I dare to grasp,  
 Releas'd from wretchedness by welcome death  
 To fate with eagerness I'd yield my breath.  
 But Pandar's cunning shall not triumph so;  
 I'll live that wretch to give a deadly blow.  
 Doubtless his art has caus'd me all this grief,  
 And his disgrace will be my sole relief.  
 When one succeeds another plan is laid,  
 For Pandar thrives by prostitution's aid.  
 The only talent he can well exert  
 Is to betray our sex and then desert.  
 If any mischief you have felt from love,  
 Can no embrace but mine disastrous prove?  
 O! rather think you have no other ill  
 Than to remove I have both pow'r and will!  
 Come then again to my extended arms,  
 And real life imagination's charms!  
 As you shall grant my wishes, or deny,  
 I live in rapture, or with rapture die.

T H E E N D.

